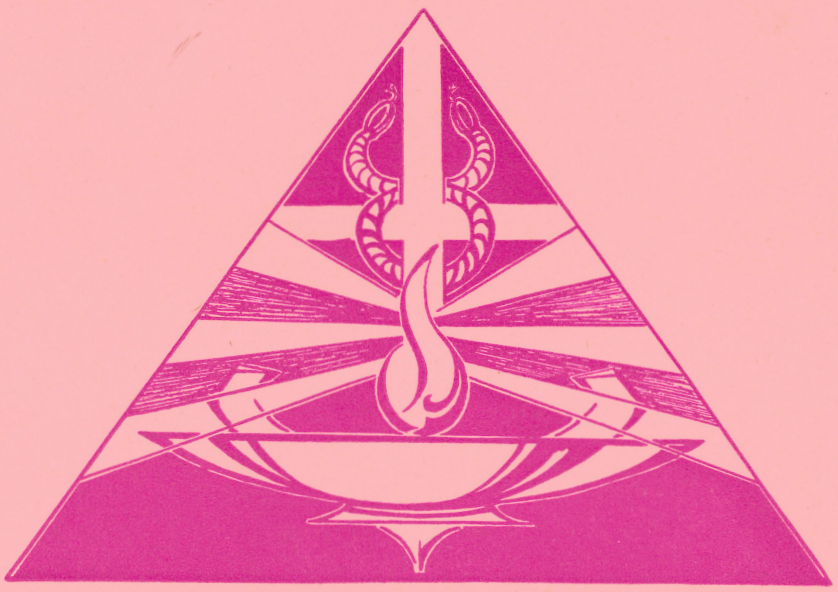
THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY



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THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY

WASHINGTON, D. C.

SISTER M. TIMOTHY, S.C.M.M.
Editor

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ACROSS THE PAGES. . . .

FATHER QUASTEN specializes in "Patrology and Church History—up to the sixth century," subjects which he teaches at the Catholic University of America. And he proves to us in his short article that the liturgy at an early date showed the influence of "mission method"—and medical practices!

FATHER KILIAN was a missionary himself in "Patna-Land" not so long ago, and is only waiting for his term of service behind the lines, here in America, to expire so that he can return to the "front." He has gathered together, from the writings of the Patna Jesuits, descriptions, statistics, facts.

"WE OUGHT TO PRAY . . . especially for the *personal* needs of missionaries and their co-workers. We too often think of the goodness of the missionary *work* and forget the personal spiritual needs of those who do the work." And then there is a pointed quotation from St. Paul. Father Graham, who comments on the Mission Intention for this month, is Field Secretary of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade in the Archdiocese of Milwaukee.

NO! THE THREE W'S are not the "where, why and when" of journalism, but the "Welcome Work and Wants" of a new mission foundation! Sister M. Laetitia is one of the pioneers of our hospital-to-be.

EASTER EGGS, with variations, are the subject of the article by "A Medical Missionary"—and also of the "encyclopediatic" information given on the following page.

"Loss and Gain"

The Mission Intention of the Apostleship of prayer for March gives ample scope to those who take it seriously month after month, and participate in the endeavor of the Holy Father to spread the Kingdom of Christ through the manifold channels provided by Divine Providence.

Next to the missionaries themselves, these channels are their co-workers. One can even say that without them the missionaries cannot reach their destination nor achieve their purpose. The co-workers, on the other hand, can fulfil their obligation of spreading the Faith by assisting the missionaries: It is truly "teamwork."

But just who are these co-workers? First and foremost, they are those generous parents who are willing—even happy—to offer their nearest and dearest for the conquest of souls in far distant lands. Their contribution as co-workers of missionaries is the most costly and must therefore win the highest reward, if made with the right intention.

Then there are those who, urged by the charity of Christ, athirst for souls and moved to compassion for the multitude that sits in the shadow of spiritual and bodily misery, pray and work for an increase of laborers in the vineyard. Priests, contemplative nuns, sisters, sufferers, apostolic souls, children—all in their own way can contribute so much to the increase of laborers in the vineyard. There is a great shortage of missionaries of every kind.

The great army of providers for missionaries comprises another group. It is they who enable the latter to live, work, travel, establish the church, teach, heal, help the poor, the orphans, the widows, the refugees, the down-and-out. They give time, energy and means to share the priceless gift of Faith with others, no matter who or where they may be.

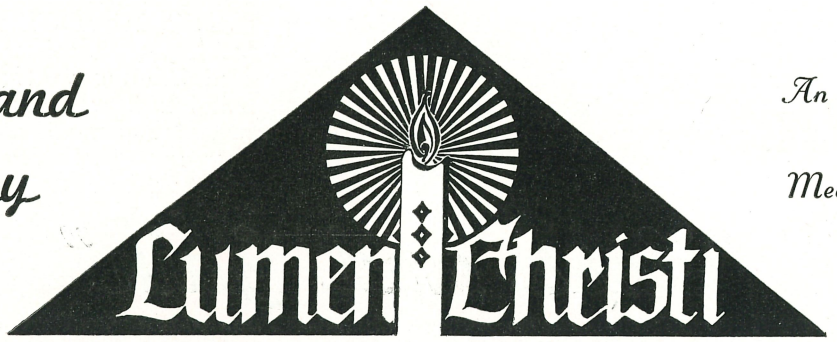
The sacrifices made to spread the Faith are the test of our gratitude and appreciation. Every Catholic can be a co-worker of missionaries because there are endless possibilities of co-working. Love is inventive.

The Holy Father this month asks us not only to pray for the missionaries, but also for their co-workers. To judge from the many requests for prayers, specified and otherwise, one can gather that the problems and needs people have to face are as numerous as are the petitioners. We missionaries are in duty bound to pray for our co-workers who are our benefactors, but this month even the co-workers are to pray for each other. What beautiful bonds the Church establishes for us, and how she strengthens the intercessory powers for our spiritual and temporal necessities as a reward, so to say, for "doing our bit" for the propagation of the Faith. To assure greater efficacy, the Holy Father has recommended this intention for the holy season of Lent, the season of special prayer, penance, almsgiving and other good works.

Thirty million members of the Apostleship of Prayer will implore God's mercy and blessing on the missionaries and their helpers. Who can measure the benefit of being a co-worker?—Who can guage the loss of not being one?

ANNA DENGEL.

Milk and Honey



An Ancient Rite and a Medical Remedy

By The Rev. John Quasten, S.T.D.

"The Lord hath brought you into a land flowing with milk and honey, alleluia." Such are the words which are chanted in the Introit of the Mass for Easter Monday. The same thought recurs in the Mass of Thursday of Easter week, when the priest says at the offertory: "In the day of your solemnity, saith the Lord, I will bring you into a land that floweth with milk and honey, alleluia." Then, once more in the Introit of Low Sunday, we read: "As new born babes, alleluia, desire the rational milk without guile, alleluia."

And so it seems that Our Mother, the Church, using the language of Holy Scripture, cannot refer too often to the land which boasts such an abundance of milk and honey. The real meaning, the full significance of these repetitions we will sound only if we keep in mind that they are applied to the neophytes, who were baptized on Easter night and so came figuratively into the "land of promise." But it was not a figure only, this promise for sweetness and refreshment. The ancient Church had a liturgical rite by which the candidates for baptism received a chalice containing a mixture of *real* milk and *real* honey!

The oldest document of the Roman liturgy which we possess is the *Apostolic Tradition* of St. Hippolyt. Included in its pages, which were written about the year 220, we have an account of the baptismal rite and of the Eucharistic service which immediately followed. It is a solemn ceremony. The newly-baptized enter at last the communion of the faithful, and receive for the first time the kiss of peace from their brethren. In the meantime, the deacons bring to the bishop who will celebrate the holy sacrifice, bread, together with three chalices: The first containing water and wine, the second, a mixture of milk and honey, and the third, water only. At the Communion, the newly-baptized receive first the Eucharistic Bread. Immediately afterwards the three previously mentioned chalices are presented to them in the following order: First, the chalice of water, symbolizing the cleansing which has been effected interiorly; second, the Communion chalice—for at that time it was still customary for the faithful to partake of the consecrated wine; and finally, the chalice containing a measure of milk mixed with honey.

A custom identical to this ritual of the Roman liturgy is found in the liturgies of North Africa and of Egypt, and the Coptic Church retains it to the present time. But the only vestiges of it in the Roman liturgy of today are the passages from the Masses of Easter week quoted above. At what time the Roman liturgy eliminated this custom, we do not know. It may be that as the practice of adult baptism fell more and more into disuse, the baptismal ritual became correspondingly simplified. But the oldest missal of the Roman Church, the *Sacramentarium Leonianum,* has a formula for blessing water, milk and honey in the Mass of Pentecost—in the Western Church Easter and Pentecost were the official dates for baptism. The text runs as follows: "Bless, O Lord, these Thy creatures, of the fount, and of honey and milk, and refresh Thy servants from this fount of water of eternal life, and feed them with this milk and honey."

It is true that the meaning of this "rite of milk and honey" will be rightly understood if we interpret the "land of milk and honey" as the Church. The *Apostolic Tradition* of St. Hippolyt itself gives this explanation: "The mixture of milk and honey (is given) in fulfilment of the promise which was made to our fathers, and which mentions the land flowing with milk and honey."

But to define it thus would be to give only half of the beautiful implication of this rite. In a writing of the Apostolic Fathers, the so-called *Epistula* of Barnabas, we find these words: "What, then, mean the milk and honey? This, that as the infant is kept alive first by honey, and then by milk, so also we, being quickened and kept alive by the faith of the promise and by the Word, shall live (after receiving baptism) ruling over the earth."

Tertullian mentions the "mixture of milk and

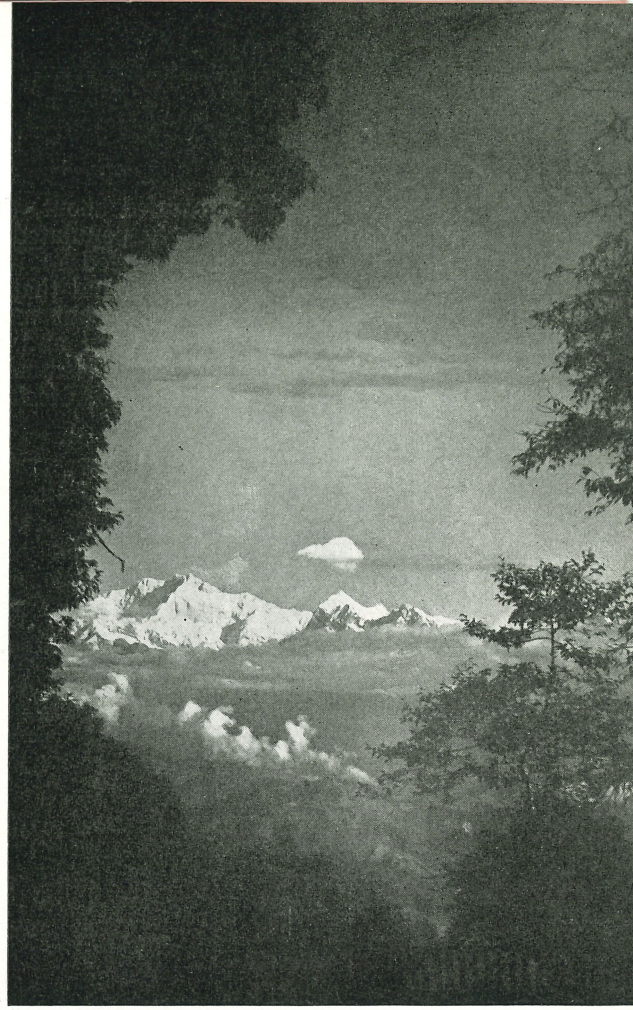
(*Continued on page* 54)

"Patna—Land"

By

The Rev. John A. Kilian, S.J.

A "missionary conducted tour" of the diocese in which the Medical Mission Sisters are beginning a new foundation



. . . A land of towering crags and wild valleys . . .

Some years ago the first flight around the world was made in airplanes. Part of the course lay over northern India. After passing the sandy wastes of the great Indian desert, the airmen could look down upon the spires and minarets of Delhi's mosques. Next they were over Agra with its priceless monument, the Taj Mahal. Lucknow, too, with its battered residency, lay in their course, and Benares, that holy city on the Ganges, where caste-bound Hindus worship many gods of stone and wood.

After following the glistening course of the Ganges for two hundred more miles, these airmen passed over a long, narrow town. Its buildings were clustered on the southern bank of the river for a distance of more than ten miles. This was Patna, the chief city of the province of Bihar. If the day was exceptionally clear, they might have seen a range of snow-clad mountains gleaming in the sunlight, far on the northern horizon. Those mountains were the Himalayas, in the independent Hindu Kingdom of Nepal.

Patna Mission comprises the Forbidden Kingdom of Nepal, and most of the province of Bihar in northern India. If these airmen had not forgotten their history, they knew that India was a land of ancient civilizations, a land of glamor and romance and splendor, of poverty and squalor. A land that had seen wave after wave of invasion from central Asia, made by Hindu and Mohammedan, Tartar and Moghul. A land where rare valor and selfishness were often found, as well as pride and lust and greed.

They would have known that on top of the battered old residency in Lucknow there flies a flag, that of all flags in the British Empire is never furled, day or night. It is a tribute to the handful of heroes who kept it flying through months of India's burning heat during the Mutiny, and their women who suffered with them, while famine and plague took toll within their little fortress, and forty times their number attacked them from without. They would have known how Shah Jehan had built the Taj Mahal as a mausoleum for his beautiful wife, Noor Mahal, at the cost of his poverty-stricken peasantry, who had to scrape and starve to satisfy their monarch's fancy. They would have known that Buddha was born up in Nepal somewhere under those snows that they saw glistening in the distance; that he had his "enlightenment" at Bodh Gaya, some sixty miles south of the town of Patna, and that from there his religion had spread over India and throughout the East to Ceylon, Burma and Java, as far as China and Japan.

Had these fliers traveled over various parts of Patna Mission, they would have discovered that it was a land of strange extremes and contrasts. That Nepal was a land of towering crags and wild valleys, rushing mountain torrents and dense tropical jungles. That its peoples were small and muscular, brave and warlike and tireless mountaineers. They would have seen on the contrary that Bihar was one great plain, with a few low hills in its southern parts; that it was a land of rice fields and bullock carts and water buffaloes, with thatch and mud house villages for the most part, and a few towns of larger size here and there.

As these airmen traveled about, they would have noticed how densely populated the country was. When they mingled in its crowded bazaars, they would have found that the whole land had not one language, but many. And they would have noticed men and women of many castes and creeds and costumes: Hindus in turbans and flowing robes; Moslems in red

A Shepherd boy of Bihar

fez and pajamas; Pathans and Brahmans, Chamars and Doms, Santals and Tharus, Malwaris and Kyasthas.

Had these airmen been interested in such matters, they would have known that the population of this Mission was as large as that of the United States west of the Mississippi, about 27,000,000 souls, and that its area was about that of the states of Illinois and Ohio, or approximately 89,000 square miles.

Into this land of mystery and romance, of strange ways and peoples, of bitter cold and enervating heat, came a small handful of American Jesuits in the year 1921. They were unknown and could not speak the language of the people whom they had come to convert. The task before them was stupendous. They were foreigners in a land where strangers are suspected and not wanted. Their work was to teach Christ to millions who had never heard of Him. The few who had heard of Him looked upon Him as a foreigner, as one who had no part in India. Hindustan had its own gods, and with these gods the Hindus were content. These missionaries had come to sell a pearl of great price to people who would not have it as a gift; they were trying to save people who did not want to be saved!

Westerners sometimes wonder why India has never been converted. They know that Xavier came to India hundreds of years ago, planted the Faith, baptized great multitudes, and moved on to Malay and Japan. Where are Xavier's converts now? Why has the Faith not spread?

In the first place, Xavier worked only on parts of the western coast. The teeming cities of the interior never heard of Xavier. . . . Why Christianity has not spread in India is a long story, in which European wars and the Goan schism figure prominently. The fact is that the American Jesuits in 1921 received a mission that counted five thousand Catholics and twenty-seven million Moslems and idol worshippers. One Catholic in every four thousand five hundred pagans.

And so they began. Nepal was closed to all foreigners. Missionary work in that kingdom, for the present at least, was out of the question. The old Catholics required all the available missionaries, so work among the pagans, at least on any large scale, had to be postponed until more help came from America.

A comparison will give an idea of the situation. There are about twenty million Catholics in the United States. Caring for them is a vast army of priests and nuns and religious. There are thousands of cathedrals, churches, chapels, convents, schools, orphanages, hospitals. There are archbishops and bishops directing many dioceses. American Catholics are proud of their universities and colleges and high schools. Catholic Action is fostered by thousands of sodalities, Catholic clubs and other organizations. Now, if all the priests and nuns, schools, churches and hospitals, and other organizations were transferred from America, not to the whole of India, but simply to Patna Mission, and if all the people in Patna Mission were ready for conversion (and they are not), there would still be seven millions of Patna's people entirely uncared for. In other words, the militant Catholic Church in America is not equal to the task of caring for Patna Mission, much less converting it. In 1921, Patna Mission's personnel of priests consisted of five American Jesuits and six Indian secular priests.

Before anyone, even a missionary priest, begins to work, he must first live. How do people live in India? How hot does it get? And is it always hot? We may as well begin with the pleasant side of the picture. Patna's winters are delightful. It never freezes or really comes near freezing. In January, the mercury may sink as low as 46°, but even this is rather unusual. In winter the trees are green—in summer they are greener! Plantains ripen in winter, and in winter the rice crop is harvested. The sun has a sting in it, even in winter, so that sun helmets are necessary, and in the day time many of us wear white cassocks. Excepting this difference, Patna's winters might be compared

to a mild Missouri autumn! The winter months, by the way, are India's tourist season.

A noticeable change takes place in the weather about the first of March. By St. Patrick's Day it is really hot. Near the end of the month the mercury will surely reach 100°, and you may as well resign yourself to its staying there until the rains break in June. Patna's missionaries consider themselves lucky if the mercury does not register over the century mark! During April it seldom goes over 112° or so, but in late May and June you may get a spell of two or three weeks when the thermometer will reach from 112° to 115° every day. This last is especially true for Gaya and Patna City. North Bihar is somewhat cooler.

In the hot weather missionaries work according to a special schedule. In Khrist Raja High School, for example, the community arises at four-fifteen, and the first class of the day begins at about seven, so that advantage can be taken of the cool of the morning. Classes for the day end at eleven-thirty. A good siesta is not a luxury—for most missionaries it is as necessary as food and drink. Towards evening, people once more come to life. Early to bed—though not necessarily early to sleep!—is the rule, as early rising the following morning is a necessity.

Out in the villages our missionaries adapt themselves to conditions as best they can. In one way, the hot season is our best season: It is too hot for men to work during the greater part of the day, and they sit at home, where they will listen to the missionary's message. But it is dangerous for our men to travel in the middle of the day. Sunstroke and heat prostration are always near to strike down the unwary.

The latter half of June sees the coming of the monsoon and the end of the "great heat." At the beginning, the rains are a relief, and some days are quite pleasant. During the monsoon, however, the thermometer frequently hovers about 100°. The humidity is great, and India's millions—and missionaries—swelter in a steamy, sticky heat. There comes a day when your missionary tingles and prickles from head to foot and feels as comfortable as some of those monks of old must have felt in their all-embracing hair-shirts. And if a swarm of boils descends upon him also, our young Xavier will feel more like poor Job in the depths of his misery than like the dynamic Apostle of the Indies. For some, the dry, intense heat of the hot season is easier to bear than the sweltering, moist heat of the monsoon. The latter lasts until October, when the skies clear, the nights freshen, and missionaries welcome the cool months of India's winter.

When some people come to India, they expect to see cobras awaiting them at the end of the gangplank, and a tiger or two ready to fall upon them from a branch of the nearest tree. There *are* snakes in India—plenty of them—and tigers, too, even mankillers, but they are by no means as common as many people think. Parts of Patna Mission afford some of the best big game shooting in the world. Frank Buck, of "Bring 'em Back Alive" fame, made some of his pictures in the Nepal Seri. One of Patna's missionaries was killed by a man-eater some years before the Jesuits took over the territory, but nowadays you must go to the remoter jungles for tigers.

Snakes are more common, and you must be on your guard against them, especially out in the villages. Some of our men have had very narrow escapes from snakes, particularly from kraits, little fellows who love to come into your house. They get really friendly: You may find them behind a curtain, or under a pillow, or even on your bed. Their average length is only about three feet, but they carry venom that will stop any man. Thousands of people are killed in India every year by poisonous snakes. But according to the proportion of population, in one year, six people in the United States are killed in motor accidents to every person in India killed by snake bite!

Santal girls from Patna Mission

Be-oooo-ti-ful Eggs

By

A Medical Missionary

When you were very small so that your eyes barely could look over the top of the kitchen table, did you ever watch your mother color Easter eggs? Or perhaps you remember better hunting for the little pink and blue basket with the green straw and the colored eggs and the nice white rabbit in the center?

Even in far-off India, when Easter comes around, one cannot help thinking of eggs and little bunnies. It was on Sunday, about mid-Lent, while Sister and I were coming from Mass, that the idea occurred to me. Maybe it was because I had just received a card from home the day before, with a bunny trudging along carrying an Easter basket on his arm; maybe it was the sight of the eggs in a little shop that we passed—maybe it was both that made me think of Easter back in the States.

"I wonder." I was musing aloud. "Do you think, Sister, that we could color eggs for the nurses for Easter?" I turned to my companion.

The suddenness of the proposition certainly did not interfere with her response. "But surely!" She was enthusiastic. "Eggs are very cheap. It's a grand idea. I think the nurses will simply love it!"

The next day, still bubbling over my "brain wave," I approached our Indian nurses in the hospital. "Have you ever seen Easter eggs?" My question was hopeful, though I don't know which hope was uppermost: that they *had,* so they could share my enthusiasm, or that they had *not,* so that I might be the one to introduce them to the gala custom.

One look into their wide, black eyes told me that I was in another world from theirs! Only one seemed responsive, an Anglo-Indian girl who had been brought up at the sisters' orphanage, and whose knowing smile indicated pleasant memories.

By this time I was sure of my role as innovator. "Then you don't know about the Easter Rabbit either, do you?" No, they had never heard of that jaunty little fellow. In fact, the questions just seemed to bewilder them. They almost looked as if they thought I was trying to explain some new and peculiar nursing procedure! So I just tactfully dropped the subject, with the reflection that seeing was better than imagining, anyway!

* * * * *

The few remaining days of Lent flew by swiftly. Before we realized it, Palm Sunday had arrived and Holy Week was upon us. It was on Holy Saturday morning that "the Problem" presented itself in full stature. We had decided that the Easter eggs were to be a surprise to the nurses. Our hearts were firmly set on it—but we were too busy to attend to the matter ourselves. Sister and I held a consultation, and the motion was made and carried that we consult Abdul, our cook. There was a chance that he *might* at one time have been employed by a European family, and they *might* have indulged in Easter eggs, and initiated him into the mysteries of coloring them. So, with hopes high, we asked him to come upstairs.

Abdul entered into the secret with enthusiasm. His ignorance of Easter eggs was complete; yet his confidence in his power to master the art of playing Easter Bunny was unbounded!

"Sister Sahib, you shall see. I shall be able to color the eggs be-ooooooo-ti-fully!" And Abdul set off with orders to buy at least five dozen strictly fresh eggs, and all the colors of "coloring" that he could find in the bazaar. My parting admonition was that he should hardboil the eggs and then await my arrival—I would come down to the kitchen between 5 and 6 o'clock that evening.

Alas! I was unavoidably detained in the hospital, and it was well past the appointed hour when I at last ventured into Abdul's kingdom. What a sight met my eyes! There in the center of the floor, squatted Abdul. On one side was a large heap of eggshells; in front were the cups of color lined up in magnificent array: red, green, blue, purple, yellow and brown; and on the other side—Ah! that other side! Piled high on a great platter were—the *eggs:* Not a mound of exciting pinks and blues and greens and purples, but pale, anemic, sickly looking blobs that almost seemed to droop over each other even as they stood there. Even as I stood, aghast, Abdul, his hands dripping with the mixture of dyes, picked the last bit of shell from the last egg, and dropped it triumphantly into the cup of red. Then he looked up. Pleasure and delight were written all over his face.

"See, Sister Sahib," he beamed at me. "Aren't they nice? I am just finishing the last one!"

The words which had been shocked out of me, began to stumble back. "Abdul . . . ooooh! What have you done! Ooooooooh! . . ."

He looked at me, bewildered. His tone was injured. "What have I done? Sister Sahib, I have colored the eggs!"

"But the nurses can't eat these! They would be poisoned!" Abdul looked unconvinced.

(*Continued on page* 54)

Quoting the Encyclopedia!

or

WHY "EASTER RABBIT"?

It was the little story narrated on the preceding page that provoked our discussion. Sister and I, having definitely decided that eggs would be colored for the nurses as an Easter surprise, were reveling in the anticipation of their pleasure, when suddenly there came the inevitable "why." Sister is always probing into the wherefore of things—and sometimes in fun she has been given the name of "Sister Why!" This time it was the Easter customs that bothered her.

"I wonder why," I braced my self for almost anything, "we color eggs for Easter? And why do we say the Easter Rabbit brings them? Why a rabbit?" Then as a decisive afterthought, "I would be much more logical to have an Easter Bird, for instance."

"I don't know," I admitted candidly. "I haven't the faintest idea 'Why,' but——" I wasn't going to lose my pleasant train of thought for a little three-lettered word, "but I do know I like the custom!" And we dropped the subject there.

Yet Sister had piqued my curiosity, perhaps even more than I had realized, for that afternoon, quite spontaneously, I remarked to the chaplain after Benediction: "Father, tell me, do you know why we color eggs for Easter?"

He looked at me with much the same expression I imagine I must have worn when the question was put to me. "Why, no, I don't." He paused for a moment. "I had never thought much about it." An idea seemed to strike him. "Are you really interested in knowing?"

"Yes, I am, Father." I had visions of the nurses coming up to me for information after their first burst of pleasure had spent itself. "We want to color eggs for the nurses, but it's really a little stupid not to know why we do it except that it makes them pretty to look at."

"Well," he promised very obligingly, "I'm going to visit the Orphanage tomorrow, and they must have an encyclopedia or two. I'll see what I can find for you." Evidently Father had caught the contagion just as I had, for there was a twinkle in his eye as he added: "I'd just as soon find out for myself!"

True to his promise, Father sent the note the following afternoon. I decided to tease Sister a little bit. That evening when we were together, I opened the topic once more.

"I know why we color Easter eggs. I figured it out."

Sister looked dubious. "Why?"

I assumed what I thought a proper pedagogical attitude. "There are several reasons. In the days when the use of eggs was forbidden during Lent, they were brought to the table on Easter Day colored red to symbolize the joy of Easter. The custom is thought to have had its origin in paganism." I was watching Sister out of the corner of my eye to see if she were being duly impressed. "Many pagan customs celebrating the return of spring gravitated to Easter. Uh-h-hhhh. . . ." I was stuck!

Sister was in high glee. "Now, look, you never figured that out! You sound more or less like a reference book! Why don't you own up and read the rest of it?"

And so a bit sheepishly I took out the precious note and continued: "The egg is the emblem of the germinating life of early spring. The Easter Rabbit is supposed to lay the eggs, for which reason they are hidden in a nest or in a garden. The rabbit is a pagan symbol of fertility."

Sister pondered this with a cold eye. "It all sounds very pagan to me."

"Oh, but just wait," I hastened to read on, with a vision of our Easter eggs tumbling down into the realms of Juno and Jupiter. "The egg symbolizes the new creation of mankind by Jesus risen from the dead. Exchanging eggs as a symbol of the Resurrection is one of the oldest Easter customs." I folded the paper. "There, you see it is now quite Christian!"

I think she had been teasing me. "Oh, then by all means let us color eggs for Easter. And you see to it that I get a red one!"

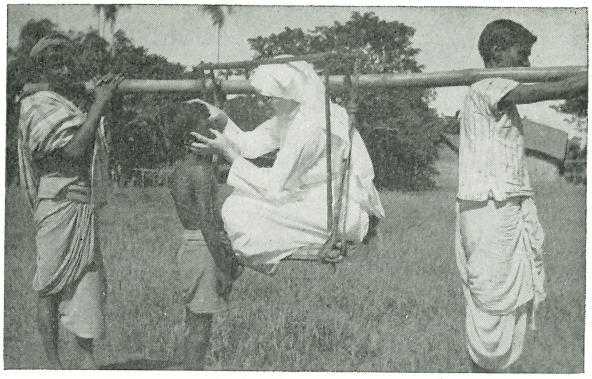
And I did.

The Three W's!

Welcome, Work and Wants in Patna

By

SISTER M. LAETITIA, S.C.M.M., R.N.



Sister Laetitia "on duty" en route!

The train drew into the station about 10:00 p. m. on December 22nd, 1939. It was half an hour late, but his Excellency, the Most Rev. Bernard Sullivan, S.J., was patiently waiting to meet the Medical Mission Sisters as they stepped onto the platform at Patna City. There was only a three-minute wait at the station, and there seemed to be a dearth of coolies at that particular moment, so without any ado the Bishop jumped into the compartment and bundled suitcases and brown paper parcels out of the door in short order. The coach could claim no spoils from this exodus, however hasty!

His Excellency got down to business. "Come along, Sisters," and there was a note of urgency in his voice. "A poor family is expecting you. They have been waiting to see you all day long."

"A poor family!" thought I. "Whatever for, at this time of night? And no medicines with us!" But we followed our guide without a word, and wondered if that had been a twinkle we had seen in his eye when he made his announcement. The twinkle was unmistakable as the Bishop unlocked the door of the "Old Cathedral." It was a perfect setting: Mary and Joseph, with the Infant Jesus in His crib—waiting to say, "Welcome to Patna!"

There is a great scope for a Catholic hospital in Patna. In Bihar there are perhaps all the tropical diseases, at least those common to India, besides most of those of colder climates. Filaria, with resultant elephantiasis, is very common. Many of the sufferers are to be seen slowly and painfully dragging enormously swollen, elephantine legs through the bazaar. Lepers are numerous. I saw one begging his way on the street. He could neither walk nor crawl, so he rolled along. His wife and children stumbled behind him in a pitiful cortege, singing a dreary little song. They all needed a bath, a good meal, bandages on their wounds and comfortable beds. The condition of this poor leper, using his torso as feet, was beyond description.

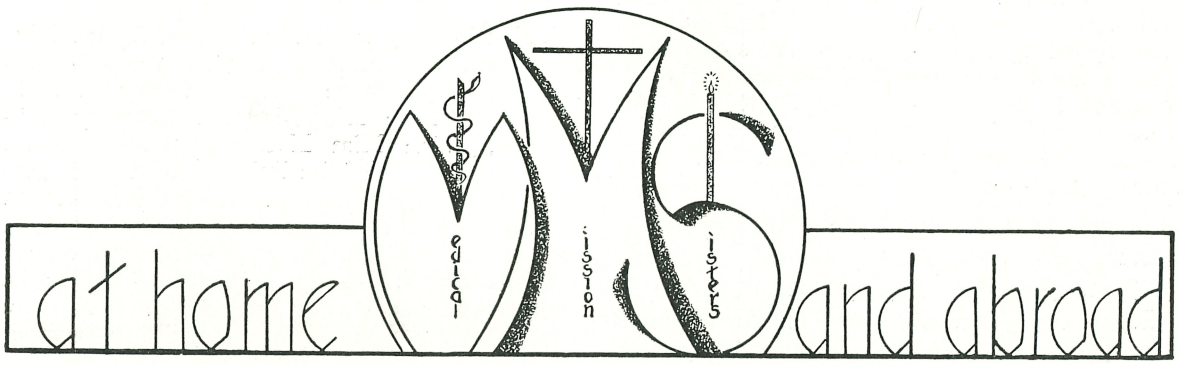
Typhoid, malaria, skin diseases and, in their seasons, cholera, smallpox and dysentery, all abound. Pneumonia, rheumatism, kala-azar and many other diseases are plentiful. In addition there are all sorts of conditions crying out for surgical treatment—many that have been doing so for years. Then there is that great army known as "Mothers and Babies." Their need of care is always the most touching and the most urgent. They are legion in Patna.

And right into the heart of this great army have come the Medical Mission Sisters, to whom Bishop Sullivan has loaned the Old Cathedral and its historic compound. Our own quarters are only a stone's throw away, and there is another building large enough to hold twelve patients, with ample space for a dispensary. Before we can open a hospital, however, we need—just simply everything, from money to mattresses, from sterilizer to saucepans, from beds to bandages. A sterilizer can be obtained for about one hundred dollars, and excellent beds for ten dollars each. A very modest supply of medicine would cost about one hundred dollars.

Quite frankly, we are come a-begging. One thousand dollars would enable us to open and equip quite a nice little hospital with an outpatients' department. As the numbers increase, the Bishop has suggested that the quarters could be enlarged, though this, too, would involve a certain amount of expenditure.

May I add, that in these days, when all letters are opened by the censor, a safe way of sending donations is by a crossed check, payable to Sister M. Laetitia, Padri ki Haveli, Patna City, Bihar, India. Or they may be sent to Dr. Anna Dengel, Medical Mission House, Fox Chase, Philadelphia, Pa. In the latter case, they should be plainly marked for Patna.

It should be remembered that every little mite is equal to about three little mites in India. And one dollar will receive as hearty a welcome, and as prayerful a "thank you," as larger sums —though one or two or *three* zeros are never despised!



Medical Mission House
Box 5021
Fox Chase, Philadelphia, Pa.

America

Medical Mission House
Box 4405
Brookland, D. C.

New Names—New Novices!

On the Feast of Our Lady of Lourdes, February 11, our first Reception Ceremony in our new Motherhouse in Fox Chase, Philadelphia, was held. During the preceding eight days the community made the retreat, which was preached by the Rev. Bruno Hagspiel, S.V.D., of Techny, Ill. The theme of the entire retreat, "complete surrender to God," was then carried out in a very practical way by the seven young women who expressed their own personal surrender by putting on the plain grey habit and white veil of the Medical Mission Novice. It was a momentous occasion, not only for the happy seven but also for the community—our first Reception Ceremony in our permanent Motherhouse.

The new novices are: Miss Mildred Gearhard, Milwaukee, Wis., in religion Sister M. David; Miss Catherine Green, Council Bluffs, Iowa, Sister M. Bonaventure; Miss Jane Heaton, Akron, Ohio, Sister M. Jane Frances; Miss Rosemary Lauer, Toledo, Ohio, Sister M. Paul; Miss Joan Pomije, New Prague, Minn., Sister M. Charles; Miss Marguerite Verhille, Monroe, Mich., Sister M. Loyola; Miss Florence Young, Philadelphia, Pa., Sister M. Benedict.

Mitre and Crosier

His Excellency, the Most Reverend Hugh L. Lamb, officiated at the investiture. The sermon for the occasion, preached by the Rev. Benno Brunk, O.S.B., may be summarized in the sentence he quoted from the Rule of St. Benedict—"that we may, through obedience, return to God, from Whom we have turned away through disobedience." Emphasizing that the new novices were entering the "School of Perfection" in which they would be beginners with all that it implies in the way of ignorance, mistakes, study, etc., he warned them against discouragement and urged them to persevere.

Because of the fact that it was the first Reception Ceremony of the Society in Philadelphia, Bishop Lamb spoke a few words to the community and the visitors. Strangely enough, the Bishop's mitre and crosier—associated in most of our minds with huge, vaulted cathedrals—did not seem incongruous in the small, overcrowded chapel. In fact, the characteristic robes only made the missionary aspect of the Catholic Faith more evident. The words of His Excellency were no less "catholic," concerning as they did the Missionary activity of the Church throughout the ages since the time Christ commissioned His Apostles to "go forth and teach all nations." Pointing out that in each age religious orders have arisen to meet the needs of the Church, he recalled the Instruction of the Propaganda Fide, issued February 11, 1936, which urged religious communities to participate in the Medical Mission Apostolate. In the foreign mission countries today "it is the distress of the soul, far more pitiable than that of the body, which should excite our pity. It is to alleviate this misery that we undertake to help the body so that we may be able to help the soul." Thus, with truly fatherly and pastoral affection, the Bishop urged the laity present to cooperate in spreading the Kingdom of Christ, first by their prayers, and then by their alms to those whose vocation it is to serve in the front lines as Medical Missionaries. He concluded his remarks with the following story which illustrated very expressively the meaning of the ceremony: "A certain famous sportsman

on one of his hunting trips in the interior of Africa came upon a leper station and mission. After spending some time with the superior in visiting the various parts of the institution he remarked to her, 'I would not do this job for $10,000 a year.' The little Irish sister smiled at him and her eyes twinkling replied, 'Neither would I, Mr. ———.' ''

Among the members of the clergy present at the ceremony were the Rev. John J. O'Rourke, C.S.C.; the Rev. John F. Burke, the Rev. John P. McHugh, the Rev. George Orr, the Rev. Eugene J. J. Maier, the Rev. Joseph A. O'Brien, the Rev. Henry S. McNulty and the Rev. Thomas N. Byrne.

New Arrivals

Valentine Day was truly an event for us. Five new postulants arrived to begin the life of a Medical Missionary: Miss Dorothy Carroll, Baltimore, Md.; Miss Mary J. Kennedy, Milwaukee, Wis.; Miss Kathleen McDade, R.N., Philadelphia, Pa.; Miss Rebecca McKenzie, Baltimore, Md., and Miss Marie Weig, Buffalo, N. Y.

The same day, in spite of the blizzard which was raging, His Excellency, the Most Reverend Louis Morrow, Bishop of Krishnagar, India, came to pay us a visit and offer holy Mass in our chapel. Because of the coinciding arrivals, the Bishop claimed the five new postulants for his diocese of Krishnagar, which is adjacent to the Diocese of Dacca.

Patna

Padriki Haveli
Patna City
Bihar, India

March is a busy month indeed. When we step into it we are already marching in the rhythmed regularity of Lent. The Ember days are past. Easter will be early this year—St. Patrick's shamrocks will be tangled in with palms, and on the twenty-fourth we may chant our joyous ''Alleluias.'' But even the anticipation which peeks more boldly round the corner as each day passes, cannot bring the same full joy as the knowledge of a nice thing that has already happened: We know that our Sisters have definitely started their work in Patna!

There will be a problem, now, in arranging our Indian addresses. It was so simple to slip India in the middle, with Holy Family Hospital on one side and Mitford Hospital on the other. Perhaps Patna will fit in the middle. But that can come later: Just now, this month, the month of our first letter from our new mission, it must have first place, and that all to itself! And here is Sister M. Laetitia's note, dated January 3, 1940, and sent air mail!:

''Here We Are . . .

''——— at last! We have the loveliest quarters—five rooms in our part. Then there is another building sufficient to hold twelve patients, and plenty of room for a dispensary. We do not exactly have the Blessed Sacrament in the house. It is kept in the ''old cathedral,'' but that is almost the same thing as having it under our roof—it is no further away than the distance between the houses in Washington. There is more room there—our quarters are really too small.

Thoroughfare!

This old city consists of one long street, many miles in length. It is just one big bazaar, lined with huts and shops and stalls which continue on, mile after mile. An endless stream of traffic moves up and down from morning till night. Ordinary holy cows can be spied here and there, wandering about. The ''especially holy'' bulls are done up in red cloth and gleaming gold (or

Sister M. Laetitia on the horizon!

brass), decorated with stones that may or may not be precious. Bullock carts, taxis, *garis* (horse-driven carriages), trucks, bicycles—all are mixed up together, some creeping along the narrow road, others trying to fly at top speed.

And all the time the bargaining is in full swing: For rice and *dal* (lentils); for meat and vegetables; for coarse cloth spun on the spinning wheel and the finest muslin and silk; for lamps with electric bulbs and lamps made of old brass and cigarette tins. The Hindu temple, the snow-white mosque with its many minarets pointing gleaming fingers skyward, the bicycle shop—all are to be found by the dozen along Patna's one and only street.

Tombs! Turret!! Ghost!!!

"The cathedral is nearly two hundred years old. It has—*hush! hush!*—a ghost! There are tombs by the dozen, an old turret containing a spooky, winding staircase, and a beautiful, modern flood-lit cross, surmounting the front of the church. I'm afraid I must confess that the Sisters would love to keep the light going all night but—it would cost three dollars per month to do that!

"Regarding the ghost—it is said to be that of a saintly bishop who was once in charge of the diocese. Folks say that he has been seen, together with an unearthly light, and that there have been other queer manifestations. The Sisters are *not* looking forward to meeting him one dark night! (Ed. note: We wonder if that could have anything to do with the wish to keep the floodlights "flooding"?)

"The inscriptions on the tombstones are most interesting. Some date way back to 1760, others are so old that it is impossible to decipher them. These stones are everywhere—they have even overflowed into the sacristy, where they are used as tables!

The Tales They Tell

"There is a tale the people tell of the Mutiny. Seven priests were in the compound at the time. Five are said to have fled up the turret to the roof, where they were slain. Two more were in the church. As the mob dashed in, the heavy doors swung back and hid the priests. They escaped and swam across the Ganges, and were saved by some friendly Indians.

Typographical error—Deo gratis!

"In the compound there is a great bell that is nearly two hundred years old. It was made in Nepal, and given by the King of that country to the cathedral. An inscription to this effect is very beautifully engraved on its surface, together with its name, *Maria.* When, in the course of its years of service, the bell cracked, the present King of Nepal paid for its return to his kingdom, where he had it repaired. When it was ready to be returned, the priest in charge of the cathedral received a notification: 'Please receive one *bull.*' 'What in the world,' said he, 'shall I do with a bull?' And then—*Maria* arrived!

Prospects

"Father Brennan, S.J., has been down twice about his lepers. He is very anxious to erect a more or less mud-hut colony—just a little one, and on nothing, the same as we have always done! I told him we would be delighted to do such work. It would be most simple at first—just one or two lepers, with the task of bandaging their wounds daily and giving them weekly injections and keeping them clean."

Rawalpindi

Holy Family Hospital
Murree Road
Rawalpindi, India

Cooperative Calculation!

Sister M. Bernadette has a new "job"—and with problems like these on her hands, it is no wonder that she has not written for many, many weeks:

"I work in the dispensary now with Sister Ignatius Marie, under Sister Ann. During the day we are very busy, but I enjoy the work. This morning I had a patient come in for attention.

" 'How old are you, Bibi?' I asked her.

" 'You had better ask my mother-in-law,' said she.

"So the mother-in-law was called in, and I repeated the question. There was a long silence. At long last the verdict was given:

" 'Sister-ji, you had better ask the husband!'

"I did not give up hope. The husband was asked—but he didn't know, either. He decided to inquire of one of the relatives. After a short family meeting, they still were not certain. So they told me to put on the chart that she was 28—but she was only 26!"

High, high, high up in the sky . . .

A January letter from Sister Pauline tells us "what little boys are doing" in India these days:

"Kites, kites, kites! It is the kite-flying season here just now, and as I looked at the kites flying lightly here and there, I just wished I might sit on one of them and pay you all a little visit.

"I couldn't sit on the tail of the kite, though, for these kites have no tails! They are all sizes and colors—some are dragons silhouetted in black on white paper. If you should see the cooks suddenly run out of the kitchen, the *mali* run out of the garden, and the *dhobi* (washerman) and sweeper run out of the hospital, all racing toward the field at the back of our compound, you *might* think there was a fire! But there isn't. It's just a 'kite contest.'

"From the tops of the houses, the tops of

walls, from any open space at all, spectators, old and young, stand or sit for hours watching the kites. A woman with a handful of *chini* in a piece of newspaper stopped to watch the contest just now, and I really held my breath for fear she would spill the precious purchase, which she had made from the *walla* (vender) outside the hospital gate! Even some little boys who had come to visit their mother and new baby sister, entertained themselves by running around on the hospital roof flying kites!''

Milk and Honey

(*Continued from page* 44)

honey by which Christ converts His own into children.'' St. Jerome, too, speaks about the ''tasting of the mixture of milk and honey as signifying childhood.'' Even more pointed is the injunction found in the Arabic edition of the *Canons* of St. Hippolyt: ''The priest should carry other chalices of milk and honey to teach those who communicate (i.e., the newly-baptized) that they are again born like children, because children partake of milk and honey.''

These passages round out and complete, as it were, the explanation of this ancient rite. They show clearly that the giving of milk and honey to new-born children was the custom of the time. Substantiating this conclusion is an interesting work of an ancient physician, Soranus, who had prepared a *Cathechism for Midwives.* Therein he advises administering to the infant immediately after birth a bit of honey, followed by a small portion of milk—a piece of simple ''home remedy'' which anyone could apply, and which must have become quite prevalent in the ancient cultural world when Christianity entered the scene. The Church took this time-proved custom and made of it a beautiful symbol of the regeneration which took place in baptism. Out of this simple, every-day practice there developed a solemn rite. The newly-baptized, being new-born, received the food of the new-born—milk and honey. Mother Church, who gave birth to her children, treated them literally with the solicitude of the mother for her infant. And now, we understand with new fullness and depth the thought behind the Church's repeated chants of Easter week: ''In the day of your solemnity, I will bring you into a land that floweth with milk and honey.''

Considering this ancient rite, which has left clear vestiges in our liturgy of today, we do not know what we should appreciate more: The rich symbolism of our liturgy, or the resourceful ''mission method'' of Mother Church, who spoke to her children in their own language.

Be-oooo-ti-ful Eggs

(*Continued from page* 48)

''Didn't you know, Abdul, that the eggs should be colored in their shells?''

Abdul's logic was devastating. ''But the shells,'' he protested, ''have to be thrown away before you can eat the eggs. So why color the shells?''

None of us knew whether or not the bazaar dyes were harmful, so I forced Abdul to throw all his precious products into the refuse can then and there, for I thought he might be tempted to take them home to his own family. He obeyed with tears in his eyes, and an air of despair.

''*Ki koribo* (What shall I do)?'' It was more of a groan than a question. ''Five dozen strictly fresh and lovely, colored eggs—*gone! Ki koribo!*''

''There's nothing we can do about it now.'' I was as disappointed as he was, but was determined to remain matter-of-fact. ''It is too late to get any fresh eggs from the bazaar.'' He looked so forlorn—I had to offer some consolation. ''But never mind, we'll color eggs next year.'' And I left him to find Sister and tell her about the disastrous ending of our happy thought. It really was not entirely Abdul's fault. I hadn't told him the eggs were to be left in their shells, and how could he know? Sister, regarding my downcast countenance, shrewdly observed that she suspected my interest in Easter eggs was not entirely philanthropic! And she offered the same consolation that I had given to Abdul: We would color eggs next year!

* * * * *

Easter Mass next morning was a time of unalloyed joy. The *Alleluias* rang out clear and sweet as the choir of young orphan girls sang with happy hearts, and the Bishop wished us all a ''joyous Easter!'' Afterwards we threaded our way back through the narrow crowded streets to the hospital. Even Easter eggs seemed trivial. What were a few ovals of bright color beside the precious realization of what this day really meant, beside the possession of that gift which let one share in such a fullness of happiness—And suddenly, just inside the door, we were met by Abdul! Abdul, with a tray in his hand, heaped high with—*Easter eggs!* This time the eggs were still safe and secure in their shells—and what shells! Red and green and blue and yellow—the nurses fairly squealed in their delight, and like children stretched out their hands to ''touch one, and hold it!''

''What are they?''

''Can we eat them?''

''Oh, aren't they pretty!''

Abdul swelled with pride at their admiration of his skill. ''Didn't I tell you, Sister Sahib, he remarked in a naive aside, ''that I should color the eggs bee-oooooo-ti-fully!''

In Our Library

THE CHURCH BEFORE PILATE, *by Edward Leen, C.S.Sp. The Preservation Press Silver Spring, Md.,* 1939. 78 *pp.* $1.00.

The Church Before Pilate is really four separate essays, *The Church and the World, Church and State, The Cross is the Crux, The Origin of Life's Enigmas.* However, the purpose of each is the same. Father Leen shows how the Church, the Mystical Body of Christ, is now tried by the world as Christ was before Pilate; and how She finds Herself in conflict with contemporary leaders, even as Christ found Himself in conflict with the leaders of His day.

Father Leen's treatment of the subject of Communism is probably one of the clearest that has yet been published. In a few pages he strips Communism of its sham and shows it in its true light.

Now, when the eyes of the world are especially turned on the Church as She undergoes new persecutions, it is more necessary than ever that Catholic and non-Catholic alike—should know just where She stands and will always stand. For this reason, if for no other, the book should be in the hands of everyone who sees the threat of the godlessness rampant throughout the world today.

Picture those two (Peter and John) racing through the narrow, crooked streets. They were really unselfish and truehearted. As man with man they had walked with Jesus; and now their faith in their Leader as very God was gradually recovering from the terrible shock it had received. Faults they had, but soon they were to be saints. Faith in His divinity, strengthened now, would be dimmed no more. Easter joy would remain with them forever.—RUSSELL, *Christ the Leader.*

BERNADETTE OF LOURDES, *by Margaret Gray Blanton. Longmans, Green & Co., New York,* 1939. 265 *pp. with illustrations.* $2.50.

This latest story of Bernadette and the apparitions at Lourdes is told in a thoroughly human and interesting manner, without any attempt to play on emotions. The life history of the peasant girl, her behavior before, during and after the apparitions, is told vividly and in detail, together with the reactions of the ecclesiastical and civil authorities and of the people, not only of Lourdes, but of all the surrounding countryside. The work is based on the report of the Bishop's Committee which officially declared that Our Lady did appear at Lourdes to St. Bernadette, and so it is correct in its details.

The author shows a deep understanding of the spirit that animated Bernadette, and she has written of her with both sympathy and reverence.

Bernadette of Lourdes is one of the finest and most human biographies written of any of the saints. We are certain that every reader will enjoy it, but particularly those who love Lourdes.

MEDITATIONS FOR RELIGIOUS, *by Raoul Plus, S.J., translated from the French by Sister Mary Bertille and Sister Mary St. Thomas. Frederick Pustet Co., Inc., New York,* 1940. 423 *pp.* $2.75.

Anything relating to the spiritual life coming from the pen of Father Plus needs no recommendation. Religious who know his earlier works will want this new volume of *Meditations for Religious.* They cover a diversity of subjects in the spiritual life and Father Plus handles them in a new and attractive form. The book is arranged to follow the Church's cycle with meditations corresponding to the various liturgical seasons.

The foundation on which the work is based is, of course, the life of union with Christ in the soul. The meditations are succinct but stimulating and so provoke the mind to enlarge upon them by personal effort. There is a mine of spiritual wealth in the volume as each succeeding meditation leads the soul along the road toward complete incorporation in Christ.

The volume has lost nothing of its charm and urgency in the translation.

R. I. P.

Please pray for the repose of the souls of:

Rt. Rev. Msgr. Robert Nolan, Fort Worth, Tex.
V. Rev. Paul Francis, S.A., Graymoor, N. Y.
Rev. Joseph P. Lopes, East Providence, R. I.
Sister M. Germaine McNamara, Hartford, Conn.
Sister M. Placidus Durkin, Hartford, Conn.
Sister M. Patrick Gilligan, Baden, Pa.
Sister M. St. Stanislaus Mullen, Philadelphia, Pa.
Sister M. Elizabeth Manion, West Hartford, Conn.
Sister M. Benignus Caffrey, Hartford, Conn.
Sister M. Vincent Lincks, Hartford, Conn.
Elizabeth Menke, Washington, D. C.
Bridget Kelly, West Hartford, Conn.
Mrs. Joseph P. Duross, Philadelphia, Pa.
Francis J. Flanagan, Washington, D. C.
Daniel J. Riordan, Washington, D. C.

Eternal rest grant unto them, O Lord: and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace. Amen.

The Mission Clipper

FROM THE OFFICE of *The Rock* in Hong Kong, China, has come a notification that "owing to war conditions . . . the sending of *The Rock* has to be discontinued." We shall miss the contact with the mission stations which this magazine gave us. In the travels around the many vicariates, the editor of *News From the Mission Fields* had an eye always open for health conditions as well as for medical statistics. For instance, in the December issue, the last to reach us, we learn that "nearly 100,000 patients were treated in the several dispensaries conducted by the Sisters" in Wuchang Vicariate, which is in charge of the American Franciscans. The flood havoc in North China is once more touched upon. "The full tragedy . . . is becoming more and more apparent as winter and the effects of a ruined crop make themselves more keenly felt. . . . With about one-third of the Prefecture (of Sinsiang in Honan Province) under water, it is estimated that fully a million persons suffered seriously. The situation is aggravated by the fact that a third of the people in some places, and in exceptional cases, two-thirds of the people, are suffering from malaria." The report of the progress made in Hong Kong Vicariate for the last year includes a "big work of great social value, the care of the sick. There are 396 beds in the Catholic hospitals in the Vicariate (and 35,821 Catholics alone—one bed for every 100 people!); 8,145 patients have received hospital care, and 77,087 extern treatment in them during the past year. . . . The Sacrament of Baptism was conferred on 36,809 persons, three-quarters of them being infants in danger of death. . . ."

* * *

" '**COME HERE, PRIEST,** till I pluck the eyes out of you,' a wounded soldier shouted from a bed. When he died soon after, there were tears of penitence in his eyes, for he discovered that he had called a saint." The "saint" was Clement Mary Hofbauer, C.SS.R., whose biography has been written by the Rev. John Carr, C.SS.R. St. Clement had gone to Vienna after all his work in Poland had been overthrown. "Then came the siege by Napoleon, and then typhus. Clement was in the midst of it, nothing daunted by incredible difficulties." (*The Rock,* December.)

* * *

"ONLY A LITTLE MORE than a year ago, Anna Wu of St. Mary's community was sent to Yuin-Lung-Ho to take charge of a dispensary. At that time no one would have suspected that the day on which her class mates took the veil as Sisters of Mary would be her last on earth. . . ." (*The Far East,* February, 1940.) The Sisters of Mary are a community of native Chinese Sisters started by Bishop Galvin of St. Columban's Foreign Mission Society in Hanyang Vicariate, China, under the guidance of the Sisters of Loretto. Anna Wu was one of 14 girls who came to St. Mary's eight years ago to enter the community. "When the victims of the war began to fill the hospitals in Hankow and Hanyang, Anna Wu—then 21—was amongst those appointed to attend the wounded soldiers. . . . It requires courage and tact to treat wounded soldiers who have wounds to be probed for shrapnel, but she had a way with her which put the patient at ease and won his confidence. . . . Then came the call to Yuin-Lung-Ho to take charge of her own dispensary, which under her capable management was a great success. . . ." But she had contracted tuberculosis—there was a hemorrhage "and then came pneumonia." After 8½ years of preparation, the Chinese virgins were to make their vows in the new community on October 6; on October 5, Anna Wu died, at the age of 23. "Her coffin was brought from Loretto to St. Mary's chapel, and during the ceremony of admission of her classmates to the religious habit, it occupied a place in front of the altar. . . . There was no note of mourning; the novices felt that while they received their habit and veil from the hands of the Bishop, Anna Wu had received hers from Our Lord Himself."

* * *

"WITHIN THE LAST two years, since the 'China Incident' began, more than $800,000 have been sent by the American Red Cross to the relief of Chinese civilians. Now that this money nears its end (though the 'Incident' shows no signs of ending) and the Shanghai Committee prepares to close out its stewardship, those interested may be asking: Where has the fund gone?" (*The Red Cross Courier,* February, 1940.)

The money has been distributed to various agencies and centers in "both occupied and unoccupied areas on a basis of need, not of politics." "German missions, Catholic and Protestant in Shantung, cut off from home contributions, have been helped to feed their starving Chinese constituents and hordes of refugees by Red Cross funds."

"The Chinese Medical Association also received grants at this time. The well-known Jacquinot Zone (refugee area organized by the French Jesuit Father Jacquinot) in Nantao was assisted; 'Without your help,' its officers wrote in July, 1938, 'we should have had to close down by now.' Orphanages, such as St. Joseph's under

the French Fathers, and St. Faith's, operated by indomitable little Miss Henderson, of the American Navy family for one of whom the transport *Henderson* was named, 'grandmother' now to all her children, have received grants.

"Convents here and elsewhere have been helped in their limitless hospitality to the refugees; the Sisters of Charity on Chusan Island—'like a dead place,' now, they say—have been given medical supplies for their 'families'—widows, many of them, whom the sisters are trying to help toward self-support by sewing, embroidery and the raising of poultry. The Franciscan fathers in Shanghai have received a grant for their workshop refugees; Catholic sisters in the Yangtzepoo area are being given medicines and cod liver oil for the home they are maintaining for refugees who, dismissed from the camps are now seeking employment there."

There is also a note on the soy bean which was mentioned in last month's MEDICAL MISSIONARY in connection with artificial infant feeding in the Orient: "Here functions the lowly soy bean, in milk and in cake form, which has sustained so many lives at so little cost in all refugee camps and hospitals here. As its use grows here and elsewhere all over the world, its nutritive values become better known, and its palatability improves with experiment."

* * *

WHEN A QUEEN gives the example, there is bound to be some progress! Down in San Salvador, Portuguese Congo, Africa, the "work at the Infant Clinic is progressing with good results. More than 200 mothers bring their babies, and take great pride in having them weighed. The Queen of San Salvador, Dona Isabel, has given the example on this point. The little princess, Maria do Carmo, a very pretty child, is the goddaughter of the President of the Portuguese Republic. Her Baptism on the feast of the Epiphany in 1939 was a grand event uniting all the population of San Salvador, the Europeans as well as the Natives." (*Far Away Missions,* February, 1940.)

* * *

IN MAKOUPA, KENYA, AFRICA, "a poor woman came to the Dispensary carrying a tiny baby and it was ill, indeed. 'Give me some medicine,' pleaded the woman as she swung the infant off her back and laid it in front of me. At a glance it was evident that the case was beyond the dispensary means of relief, so I advised the mother to take her little one to the native hospital.

"The patients were very many that day, and that made the woman rather impatient as she awaited her turn. 'Anyway,' she said, 'give me medicine for one of his ailments since you cannot attend to them all.'" (*White Sisters,* January, 1940.)

* * *

IT'S ONLY NATURAL that the Mission Clipper should want to "nose" into the atmosphere of the new Medical Mission foundation. From *Patna Mission Letter* (November, 1939): "Cholera has come again to part of Patna Mission. Father Brennan (and others too) has been dreaming dreams lately of helping our many lepers; but it seems as though the Good Lord wants him to give more immediate help to others of His suffering members just at present.

"Following a very heavy spell of monsoon rains (see "Patna-Land" in this issue!) the contagion started in parts of our Gokhla sector and some villages have suffered heavily. . . . Cholera strikes swiftly and some who are stricken on an evening fail to see the sun rise the following day.

"Father Brennan set up a temporary dispensary at one of his sub-stations, and was the subject of a village discussion as a result. There was no cholera in that particular village and the elders were afraid that the many people, friends and relatives of cholera patients coming to him for medicine, might bring the disease. After a few simple precautions were adopted, however, they decided to let Father stay in their midst."

And just by way of lightening the burden which sickness brings, a note is added about the mongoose which Khrist Raja High School, Bettiah, possesses. "Affectionate, inquisitive, into every corner of the house and a deadly enemy of snakes, a mongoose is not only a fine little pet but a valuable protection in this land where snakes are not uncommon. . . . Some time ago a certain man wanted a pair, but he didn't know how to spell the plural. (Do you?) So he wrote a letter ordering a mongoose, and solved the difficulty by adding the postscript: 'Please send two.'"

The Pilot

Now look at Jesus the heavenly physician. Come inside his room of healing, the Church. Look at the multitude of impotent folk lying there. Here comes a woman unclean from childbirth, a leper expelled from the camp owing to his unclean disease; they ask the physician for aid, for a cure, for cleansing; and because this Jesus the physician is also the Word of God, he applies, not the juices of herbs, but the sacraments of the Word to their diseases. Anyone who looked at these remedies casually as they lay in books, like herbs in the field, ignorant of the power of single words, would pass them by as common things without any grace of style. But he who ultimately discovers that Christ has a medicine for souls, will find from these books which are read in the churches, as he finds from mountains and fields, that each yields healing herbs, at least strength won from words, so that any weakness of soul is healed not so much by leaf and bark as by an inward virtue and juice.—*Origen.*

The Mission Intention for March

For Missionaries and Their Co-Workers

The attention of the world is drawn to the struggle of Finland against Russia, of a population ratio of one to fifty. Many tributes have been paid to Finnish courage and heroism while military supplies are becoming scarcer and scarcer. Finnish leaders were forced to suggest that what was needed more than compliments was military aid in the way of guns, aeroplanes and munitions.

The missionaries and their co-workers, whether here or in foreign fields, are the soldiery of the Church Militant, also outnumbered by those yet to be conquered for the Cross; they are often the subject of our eulogies and generous admiration. Now we are asked to arm them more effectively with the munitions of greater graces and the siege-guns of zeal and perseverance. We are asked by our prayers to open for them the arsenal of God's sustaining help, to make them more efficient troops upon the embattled front to bring all under the sweet yoke of obedience to Christ our King.

They are human as are we; subject to human frailty of body and of soul, to discouragement, to loneliness. May we pray for them and their personal needs; that God sustain their zeal; that God bring forth in them the holiness they are pledged to teach. May He inspire priests and brothers and sisters when the road seems endless and progress stilled. May the Good Shepherd make good catechists and tender angels of mercy of those who bind the sores and care for the many ills that flesh is heir to. May the Sacred Heart inflame with love those behind the lines—at home—whose teaching, sacrifices, prayers have their place in the success of those at the front.

We ought to pray, we repeat, especially for the *personal* needs of missionaries and their co-workers. We too often think of the goodness of the missionary *work* and forget the personal spiritual needs of those who do the work. The great St. Paul plainly bespoke his personal needs and said of himself: "I chastise my body, and bring it into subjection, lest perhaps, when I have preached to others, I myself should become a castaway." (I Cor. 9, 10.)

Nowhere, we may rightly presume, do the forces of evil more violently and vehemently attack than those who have girded themselves to do battle "against principalities and powers, against the rulers of the world of this darkness, against the spirits of wickedness in the high places." (Ephes. 6, 12.)

One of the insidious tricks of the devil is to spread abroad the rumor of his death. Perhaps we have thought him dead, inactive towards those who labor for the Gospel; may the intention that we pray for missionaries and their co-workers both afar and at home remind us that our Lord said of the first chief of the Apostles: "Simon, Simon, behold Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat. But I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not." (Luke 22, 31-32.) May we follow our Lord's example, so that other Peters and other co-workers may stand firm and confirm many other brethren.—*The Rev. James J. Graham, Field Secretary, C.S.M.C., Archdiocese of Milwaukee.*

In Memoriam

The Very Rev. Paul James Francis, Founder and Superior General of the Friars of the Atonement.

May we ask our readers to pray for the Very Rev. Father Paul James Francis, the Founder and Superior General of the Friars of the Atonement, Graymoor, N. Y.

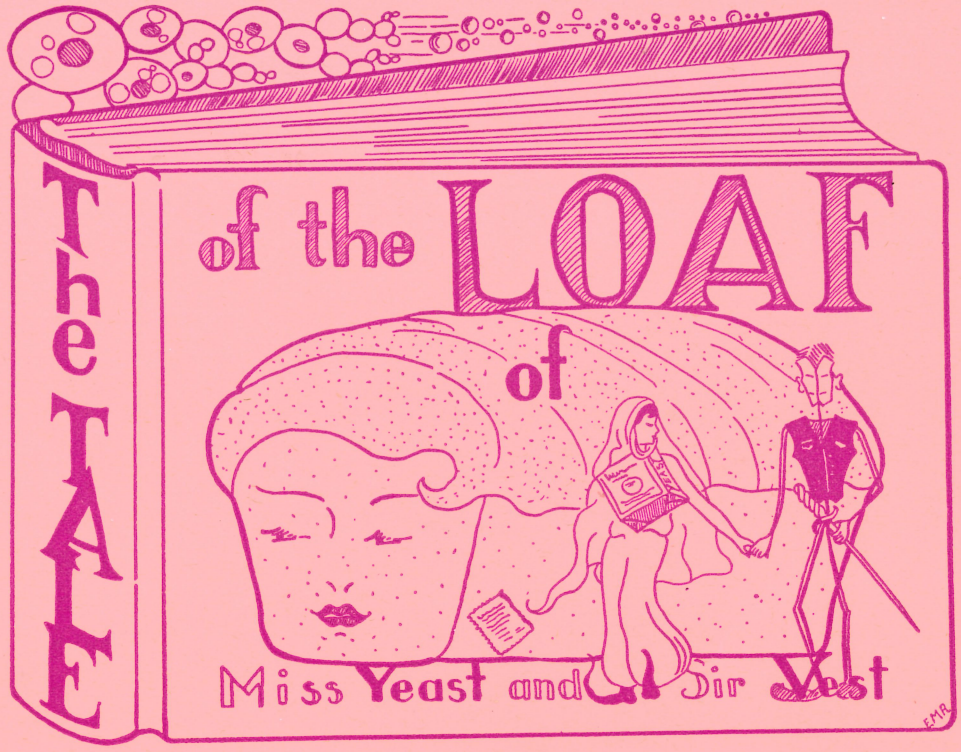
Our Society owes him a deep debt of gratitude for his interest in its development from the very beginning. He helped us towards the monthly payment of the rent of our first house in Brookland, a kindness which will always be very specially remembered in our Society. He followed our growth closely and was particularly in sympathy with us when the need of a larger house became acute.

Last summer, when he attended the C. S. M. C. Convention in Washington, he invited us to call on him and tell him of our hopes and needs, and he encouraged us by accounts of the ways of Divine Providence in his foundations in Rome and Wales.

When we visited Graymoor years ago, he pointed out to us the room where the "Union-That-Nothing-Be-Lost" was conceived. It was indeed a fruitful inspiration which has helped many missionaries and their charges the world around.

Father Paul James Francis had a missionary heart. His great desire and aim was that all be gathered into one fold. Through his foundations, his work will continue—he himself can rest in peace.

It has been arranged to conduct a Missionary Exhibition at San Thome, Mylapore, in connection with the All-India Catholic Congress which meets there Christmas week. The Congress will be inaugurated by Bishop Guerreiro of Mylapore and will be presided over by Rao Bahadur D. Arulanandom Pillay, retired Agent of the Government of India in British Malaya.—*N. C. W. C. News Service.*



It happened once upon a time
  In Justsupposin Land
An Oriental lady met
  A foreign gentleman.

Now, Little Yeast felt rather flat,
  Yet hope was in her eyes—
She knew the Right Environment
  Was bound to make her rise.

Sir Vest, he too looked thin, as if
  He needed to be fed,
In-gre-di-ents he had galore,
  But what he craved was—Bread!

They looked into each other's eyes,
  They saw, they understood,
They set out simply, hand in hand,
  To gain the common good.

Sir Vest, 'cause he could get around
  (Two hundred pounds or so!)
Began to mix the wherewithal
  And soon he had the dough!

"Environment! Environment!"
  The joyful lady cried,
She took a leap—he let her leap—
  He *kneaded* her inside!

And though she disappeared, he sighed,
  "Ah, you shall be my wife!"
Caressed the lightly rising loaf:
  "My little staff of life!"

He ate the bread, it filled him in,
  He grew quite round about.
The moral is: He helped her *in*
  And then she helped him—*out!*

The "vest," you see, could help the "yeast"
  Because he's so inventive;
But, then, the "yeast," she did her part
  By giving him "incentive."

Our Patna Sisters want to work,
  They want to do their best—
You see what good the "dough" can do,
  So won't you help "in-vest?"

Sister M. Laetitia has already mentioned (see p. 50, this issue) that for the new Patna foundation they need "just simply everything, from money to mattresses, from sterilizer to saucepans, from beds to bandages." That means a big wheel of "necessity" with a notch for every shoulder! The We-Kan-Du-It Mission group of Trinity College, Washington, D. C., has started the ball a-rolling by getting an initial supply of sheets, baby blankets, etc., which the students have hemmed and marked. Which notch will you take? Donations may be marked for Patna and sent to Doctor Anna Dengel, 8400 Pine Road, Fox Chase, Philadelphia, Pa., or direct to:

Sister M. Laetitia, S.C.M.M., R.N.
Padri ki Haveli
Patna City
Bihar, India.

MEDICAL MISSION SISTERS

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries is a religious community of women founded in 1925 for the purpose of providing medical care to the sick in the foreign missions.

The Motherhouse and Novitiate are located in Fox Chase, Philadelphia, Pa. There is also a House of Studies in Brookland, Washington, D. C., and Houses of Postulate in England and Holland.

At present the Society labors in India, where the Sisters conduct hospitals, dispensaries, maternity and child welfare centers, training schools for native nurses and midwives, and similar health activities. It is the purpose of the Society to send Medical Missionaries to any mission field of the world. The Society has many requests; it needs many vocations.

For further information apply to:

SISTER SUPERIOR
MEDICAL MISSION HOUSE
8400 PINE ROAD, FOX CHASE
PHILADELPHIA, PA.